Richard Chales & Isales ther fremel his

The unknown Author of the following lines & the shetches for drawings that accompanied them, this wonderful addition to the Hubbardonian Collection, is inscribed, by his obliged humble Servant, -March 1806. L The Sublisher

Costinuiton Dave TIN louis 1 lent



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Continuation

of

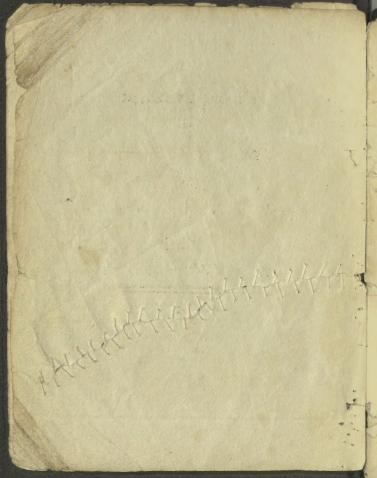
The Adventures

OLD DAME TROT,

and

HER COMICAL CAT.

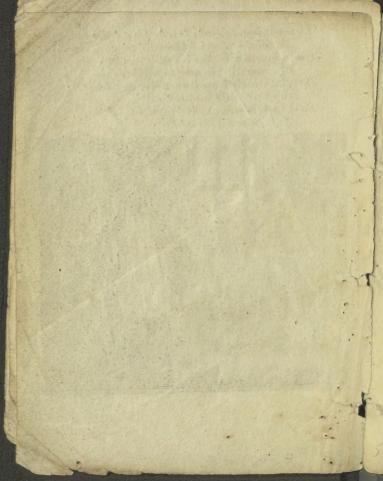
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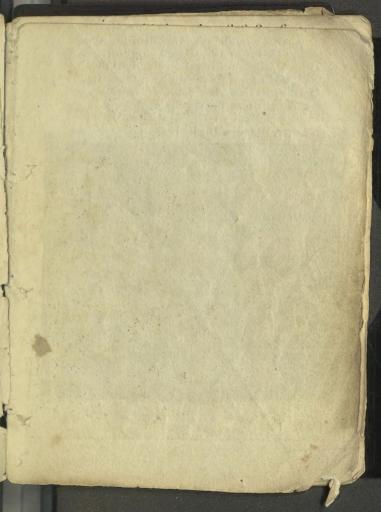


"Ill fetch my Friends, Dame Trot exclaims,
"To view your Clothes fo new,
"For what avails fuch cofily gear
If none there are to view.
But Puf's turn'd up her nofe at this;
For the with looks fo fly,
Had independent fehemes of blifs,

And other Fift to fty,







Now Trot would fain have fluit the door,
To keep her Cat from sluiting,
But nimbly the thruft forth her Paw,
And kept the door from fluiting.
No fooner was her Guardian gone,
Than down the Stairs Put's ran,
And heedlefs e'en of patking Mice,
Her daring flight began.



She pured with joy when first the fav-The outlide of the door,

Then tuck'd her tkirts through pocket holes. And fump'd the Gutters o'er.

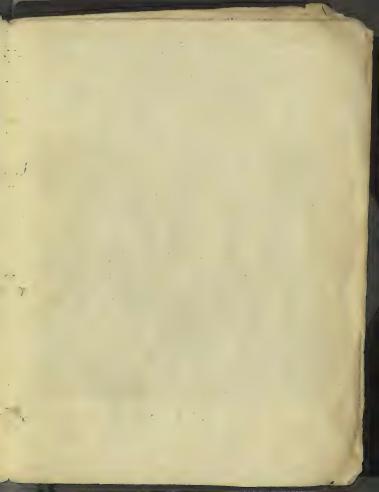
At length the came before a Houfe

(With feet inflamid & fore)

Where Groom with Horfes twain, had kick'd Their heels, an hour or more,







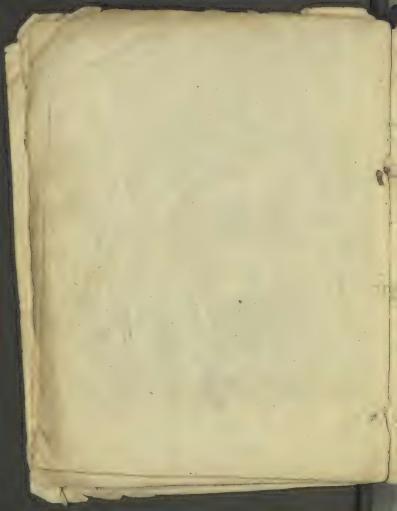
Th' impatient ficed who wing'd for flight With envious eves Put's faw, And thought within her furry felf, "Necets w has no Law." Then prompt in action, up the flew, And gain'd the vacant Seat, Before the Groom's unconfeious eye

Perceived the wily feat.



As foon as the was firmly fixt
Upon the Horfe, fo glad,
She clapp'd her Claws into its fide,
And Gallop'd off like mad.
Then gaping He with wonder great,
Her flight unufual view'd,
He thought his Mittrefs was in hafte,
So he in hafte purfiid.





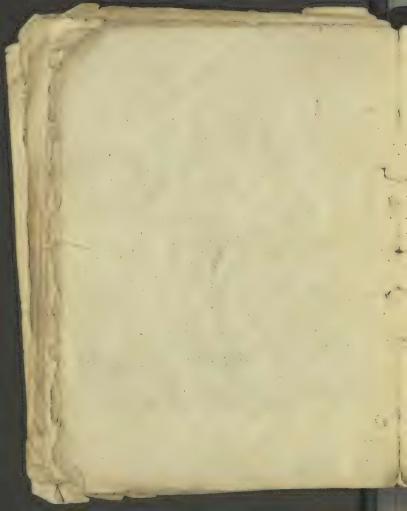


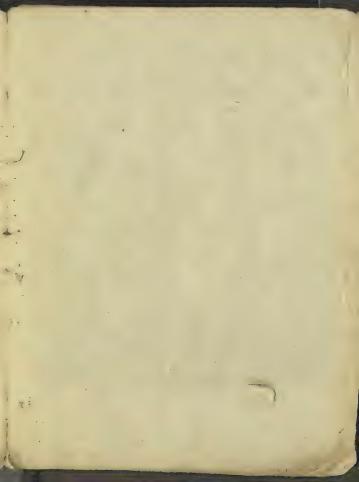
But Putsey far outfripped the Groom, httpite of Summer's heat, At length on Hopping at an Inn, She vaulted from her feat.



The Landlord flew to meet his Guefi, And thought that the muft be So finely mounted & fo dreft, Some Cat of Quality, He led her to an easy Chair, And brought her in a trice A Bowl of Milk, regretting much He could not offer Mice.

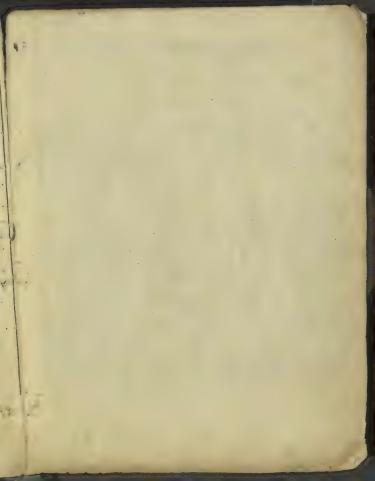






The Supper o'er, poor Pufs began With fleep to nod her head;
The Chambermaid then came with lights,
To thew her to her Bed.





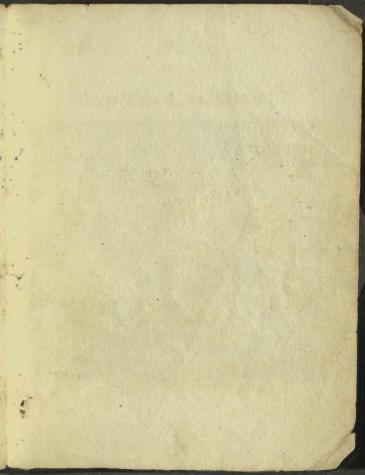
Twas old Dame Trot, who when informed Of Madam Pufsey's route,
With indefatigable zeal.
Had fearch'd & found her out.



She came with Batket in her hand, Refiftance was in vain, She feizid poor Pufs, then thruft her in, And trotted home again.







ARRIVAL AT HOME.



I heped you up before - s 13 h now in that cally gen you that a hippanse more

CHASTISEMENT.



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